

I WILL FIGHT NO MORE FOREVER  
Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce, 1877

I am tired of fighting.  
Our chiefs are killed.  
Looking Glass is dead.  
Toohulhulsote is dead.  
The old men are all dead.  
It is the young men who say no and yes.  
He who led the young men is dead.  
It is cold and we have no blankets.  
The little children are freezing to death.  
My people, some of them, have run away to the hills and have no  
blankets, no food.  
No one knows where they are.  
Perhaps they are freezing to death.  
I want to have time to look for my children and see how many of  
them I can find.  
Maybe I shall find them among the dead.  
Hear me, my chiefs, I am tired.  
My heart is sad and sick.  
From where the sun now stands,  
I will fight no more forever.